

NOTORIETY WHICH TWO OF THEM DID NOT SEEK



The Louisville Courier Journal says: The figure on the right is Mr. Lorrin Andrews, Attorney General of Hawaii; in the center stands Mr. Harry Robinson, the Louisville attorney, who formerly practiced in Honolulu, while on the left is Emil C. Peters, Mr. Andrews's deputy. Mr. Andrews and his assistant have charge of the investigation into the mysterious death of Mrs. Leland Stanford.

SMALL TALKS.

(Continued from Page 4.)

N. G. Signal Corps down for using the United States signal code. The Signal Corps is authorized by law to use that code, and is furnished by the War Department with the necessary apparatus. Consequently, the men of the corps did not tell Captain Niblack to go to hell. There was no occasion."

And, the gallant Colonel might have added, Captain Niblack would not have gone. But what a pity to spoil so good a story—and at the same time to deprive the militia of the only chance it may ever have to win a single laurel. It was ribald, of course, but there was still an element of courage required to say that to Niblack. There isn't any more glory than all of us have in not having said it. None of us do say it.

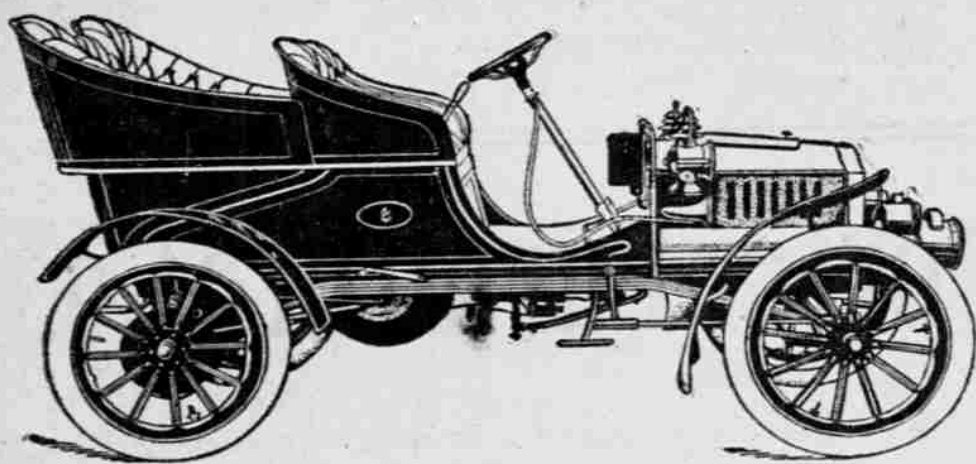
Alas for the glory that never came!
Alas for the light extinguished?
Alas for the shadow of nameless fame,
For the guardsmen undistinguished.

Alas for the spirit that would defy,
Bold Niblack in letters of fire!
Alas for the flame in the midnight sky—
'Tis ashes, by Jones's desire.

"Why, I didn't call down the militiamen," said Niblack. "Of course not. Why should I?"

Why, indeed. But it is rather unkind of the gallant captain to say so. Because, if he did not call down the militiamen, it follows, of course, that the militiamen did not call him down. And that closes, officially, an incident from which some of us who love them had hoped to see the H. N. G. gather large and juicy wads of glory.

"A man is like a ship," insisted Sergeant at Arms Clark of the Senate. "He



In ancient times the coach and four—

In modern times —————

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AGENTS.

APRIL

CORRECT DRESS CHART

1905

DAY DRESS.

Occasion	Coat and Overcoat	Waistcoat	Trousers	Hat	Shirt and Cuffs	Collar	Cravat	Gloves	Boots	Jewelry
Day Wedding, Afternoon Calls, Receptions and Matinee	Frock — Chesterfield Overcoat	Double or Single Breasted Same Material as Coat or of White Linen Duck	Striped Worsted or Cheviot of Dark Grey	High Silk With Felt Band	Plain White with Cuffs Attached	Poke or Wing	White, or Pearl Ascot or Once-over	Gray Suede	Patent Leather or Varnished Calfskin Button Tops	Gold Links Gold Studs and Cravat Pin
Business and Morning Wear	Jacket, Cutaway or Morning coat Covert or Chesterfield Overcoat	To Match Coat or of Different Material	If with S. B. Coat, to match If with D. B. Coat, of same or Different Material	Derby with Jacket	Colored or White with Cuffs Attached	Fold, or Wing	Four-in-hand, Ascot, Once-over or Tie	Tan Cape or Gray Reindeer	Laced Calf High or Low	Gold Studs Gold Links
Wheeling, Golf, Outing	Norfolk or Double Breasted Jacket	Knitted or Fancy Plaid	Tweed or Flannel	Alpine, Tam or Golf Cap	Flannel Madras or Oxford	Fold, or Deep Point	Kerchief Tie or Knotted Handkerchief	Tan Cape Chamois or Knit	Laced Calf or Russet High or Low	Links and Cravat pin Watch Albert
Afternoon Tea, Show Church and Promenade	Frock or Cutaway Chesterfield Overcoat	Same Material as Coat or of White Linen Duck	Striped Worsted Light or Dark	High Silk With Felt Band	Plain White with Cuffs Attached	Poke or Wing	Ascot, Once-over or Four-in-hand	Gray Suede	Patent Leather or Varnished Calfskin Button Tops	Gold Studs Gold Links Cravat Pin

EVENING DRESS.

Occasion	Coat and Overcoat	Waistcoat	Trousers	Hat	Shirt and Cuffs	Collar	Cravat	Gloves	Boots	Jewelry
Evening Wedding, Afternoon Calls, Receptions and Matinee	Swallowtail — Skirted or Chesterfield Overcoat	White Double or Single Breasted or Black Single Breasted	Same Material as Coat With Braided Outer Seams	High Silk with Felt Band Silk or Opera at Theater	Plain White with Cuffs Attached	Lap-Front or Poke	Broad End White Tie	White Glace or Pearl	Patent Leather or Varnished Calfskin Button Tops or Patent Leather Pumps	Pearl Links Pearl Studs
Informal Dinner, Club, Sing, and At Home Dinner	Jacket Black or Grey Chesterfield Overcoat	Pearl Single Breasted or Same Material as Jacket	Same Material as Jacket With Plain Outer Seams	Black Derby	Plain or Pleated White with Cuffs Attached	Wing or Fold	Broad End Black Silk Tie	Gray Suede	Patent Leather or Varnished Calfskin Button Tops or Patent Leather Ties	Gold Studs and Links

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is only full when he can hold no more, and when the hatches are battened down." Which definition of drunkenness, although it has classic authority to back it, yet eliminates many degrees that have come to be accepted by policemen and other experts as sufficiently indicative of over indulgence in alcoholic stimulants to justify the call for the hurry-up wagon.

The Kinau rode on the wild waves' crest—
Yo-heave-ho, and a bottle of gin;
Drink and the devil had done their best—
Yo-heave-ho, and a bottle of gin.

Down to the island of Molokai,
The junketers sailed, three hundred strong;
And not a thing on that ship was dry—
But Mr. Pinkham he went along.
The wind was soft, but the waves ran high,
Sing heave-ho, and a bottle of gin;
And they watched the surf as they drew nigh,
Yo-heave-ho, and a bottle of gin.

The President thought, "We'll hold this lot,"
Singing and weeping and drinking gin;
"We'll let these junketers on shore, not,
"The steamer shall pass the island by."
The will of the statesmen was forgot,
Sing heave-ho, and a bottle of gin;
And the well laid plan went all to pot;
Yo-heave-ho, and a bottle of gin.

For the mate was drunk, and one man more;
Singing and weeping and drinking gin;
And the crowd, and Pinkham, went ashore,
Though the pen they would not enter in.
All the committeemen raved and swore,
Sing heave-ho, and a bottle of gin;
And Jack McVeigh, he did something more,
Yo-heave-ho, and a bottle of gin.

The clean and unclean, from door to door,
Singing and weeping and drinking gin;
The lepers showed of good sense the more,
Than their stranger guests who entered in.
They did not drink, and they did not eat,
Standing apart on the island shore;
But they did their best to turn the fleet
Of small boats away forevermore.

It was not lepers who brought disgrace,
Singing and weeping and drinking gin;
Nay, those unfortunates kept their place,
The wasteful junket was not their sin.
The docile lepers, they did their best,
'Twas clean men who did not keep their pact;
They failed to corral the crowd—the rest
Is a tale of shame, and that's the fact.

The Kinau rode on the wild waves' crest,
Yo heave ho, and a bottle of gin;
Drink and the devil had done their best—
Yo-heave-ho, and a bottle of gin.

"No," remarked Griggs Holt, meditatively. "I'm not going to Hongkong to hustle the east. Not at all. But maybe I'll hustle—and it's a cinch that the east will not get out of the way. The east has been there a long time."

Griggs Holt is going away. To him the call
Of the Far East has come, and he obeys;
In stranger waters, now, his lines will fall,
His feet will follow many outland ways—
Here's hoping for him, always, happy days.

Aloha nui, old man! May you come home
To us again. You know the trade wind plays
Across the hills and palis, while you roam
To call you back from treading in strange ways—
But, anyway, here's hope for happy days.

"I move that we accept the challenge of the House to a game of baseball, but that we play on Sunday afternoon instead of on Saturday," said Senator Jack Dowsett, when President Isenberg read the challenge from Speaker Knudsen. But the Senate had adjourned then, and that does not go on the record.

I suppose that you don't know Robert, although if you have ever attended the boy's Parliament in the vacant lot in front of the Young Hotel you must have seen him. Still, I don't know whether you would know him, even then. Most times, you would see him upside down—and a boy's most intimate relations sometimes find him difficult of identification that way. Robert is a real boy, and truthful. That is not a paradox. Some boys are truthful—when there is no licking in view. Robert is almost painfully truthful. For instance, he is employed in a down-town office, and the other day was sent out by his employer on a most urgent errand. The urgency did not appeal to Robert. He had urgencies of his own—and attended to them. He was gone about an hour on business that should have required not more than a few minutes for its transaction—and came back with about half as much clothing on him as a boy needs in the tropics, which is not much.

"Robert," said his employer, regarding sternly the ragged wreck as the boy

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Honolulu, T. H., March 22, 1905.

E. J. WALKER, Honolulu:

Dear Sir: In reply to your inquiry as to Sugarbran, I am pleased to state that we have tried it in the stables with splendid success.

I agree with the plantation managers that it is a perfectly safe and satisfactory feed for stock.

We are feeding our livery horses three times a day with it, mixing it with the oats and barley.

Very truly yours,

J. C. QUINN,
Manager Territory Stables.

SUGARBRAN COSTS ONLY ABOUT HALF AS MUCH AS OATS OR BARLEY AND IS A BETTER FEED FOR HORSES. SOLD AT FEED STORES AND GROCERIES. TRY IT.

E. J. WALKER,
Agent.

came into his place of business, whistling cheerfully, "where have you been?" "Getting licked by a Jap."

He's just a boy—
A tricky little sprite of life and joy;
Wicked, of course, and given much to noise;
But he's not wicked, being but a boy,
For sake of wickedness. Why, no; our boys,
Are sinful just because they are alive.
All things that live by sin, by sin must thrive.

He's just a boy!
But then, some day, you know he'll be a man,
And just and generous. Nay, maybe, stern;
He's learning, now. It is wise nature's plan,
The man must sin in youth if he would learn.
There's always hope for boys, however bad—
And noblest man grows from the wildest lad.

THE BYSTANDER

(Continued from Page 4.)

monest of barnyard fowls. What the man had done was to buy eggs in the market, scald them to destroy their fertility and then market them as something choice. Until the public learned that none of his eggs would bloom into chickens he made business hum.

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Jenkins—"You don't seem to bother much about the future?" Lightley—"No, that never worries me until it becomes the present."—Ex.

"Money makes the mare go." "It can't always make the automobile run, though."—Town and Country.

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